

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Your legges did better seruice then your hands,

War. I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.

Clif. you said as much before, and yet you fled.

War. I was not your valour Clifford droue me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, y^e could make yee stay.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we hold
Thee reuerently.

Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine

The execution of my big swolne heart,

Against that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.

Clif. Why I kild thy Father, calst thou him a childe?

Rich. I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland,

But ere Sun-set Ile make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words great Lords,
And heare me speake.

Queene. Desie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I being a King, am priuiledg'd to speake.

Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd

That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.

Edw. What sayst thou Henry, shall I haue my right or no?

A thousand men haue broke their fast to day,

That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.

For *Yorke* in iustice, puts his Armour on.

Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* sayes is right,

There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,

For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,

But like a fowle mishapen stigmaticke,

Markt by the Destinies to be auoided,

As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Yorke and Lancaster.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with english gilt,

Thy father beares the title of a King,

As if a channell should be cald the sea;

Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,

To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heyres?

Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crownes,

To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,

Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,

And tam'd the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:

And had he matcht according to his state,

He might haue kept that glory till this day.

But when he tooke a begger to his bed,

And grac'd thy poore sire with his bridall day:

Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,

Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,

And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.

For what hath mou'd these tumults, but thy pride?

Hadst thou bene meeke, our title yet had slept,

And we in pittie of the gentle King,

Had slipt our claime vntill another age.

George. But when we saw our summer brought thee gaine,

And that the haruest brought vs no increafe,

We set the axe to thy vsurping roote,

And though the edge haue something hit our selues,

Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,

Till we haue hewne thee downe,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

Edw. And in this resolution, I desie thee,

Nor willing any longer conference,

Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake.

Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours waue,

And either victory, or else a graue.

Queen. Stay *Edward*, stay.

Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer stay,

Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.

Exeunt omnes.

M

Alarm